CHAPTER I.

OHN BOLFE sat looking at the letter inviting him to spend Christmas at Sinneput Manor. There was a postscript, brief and underscored:

"I hope Mr. Rolfe will be able to come. "E C." Even the fact that she had signed her ini-ls instead of her name stirred his feelings. seemed to be the suggestion of a confiden-d relation that he was expected to under-

It was a lovely vision that stood smiling before him in his musing—a clear, transparent complexion, flashing black eyes, a cately bearing. She had inherited the beauty and wit of her mother, an accomplished English lady whom Mr. Craydocke had won to be the mistress of his Maryland home and whose death was still a poignant

ments came before him. A part of the self—a quiet, studious, moody young man, Mr. Henry Craydocke's private secretary by title, but really a sort of upper servant, for he had been bought by the lord of the manor, one among a shipload of convicts and receptuationers sold at the sold of the mptioners sold at Annapolis into service for a term of years to pay the expenses of their passage to Lord Baltimore's planta-tions. Who he really was he did not know. He remembered having a happy home and a loving widowed mother before he was kidnapped by a crimp in an English seaport town and shipped across the sea. His fate was not an extraordinary one; for so great

ntations in the provinces that the exportation of servants was a profitable business, and kidnapping was not unusual. Craydocke took the trouble to write to correspondents in England about the case, but got no tidings of the boy's family.

Rolfe would have never dared to entertain a thought of love for Edith Craydocke had she not encouraged him. There was a strong element of coquetry in her nature, not so well restrained as it would have been had she Lad a mother's care. She was not indifferent to the companionship of an intellectual man; nor could she resist the temptation to

see whether her arts were as effective against this proud, sensitive, self-contained spirit as upon the boisterous and effusive planters. It was a cruel piece of work, and its progress was frequently interrupted by self-repoaches.
The idea of permitting the ex-servant to address the heiress of Sinneput Manor she never ained for a moment, while she fully recognized his superiority to the other men with whom she came in contact. But his pride and self-control were a challenge to her powers of fascination that she would not

orego.

It was a painful subjection to him. It was

not alone that he brooded over this fair creature with love that was unspeakable, but his heart was also subjected to the corrosions of jealousy. He detested Lord Creighton, the insolent London fop who had come over from England in Governor Sharpe's train, and was amusing himself by making love to Miss Craydocke. Creighton had a strong admiration for the colonial beauty, and in his braggart letters to London cronies expatiated great warmth upon the attractions of

CCCRECION

to a complaisant actress; but in Rolfe's opinion it was rank offense, when addressed to a young lady in Miss Edith's position.

The impression of the Gazette containing this fine effusion reached the manor just before Christmas, and Miss Edith read it with a second of the containing this fire effusion reached the manor just before Christmas, and Miss Edith read it with an amused expression, and discussed it with a levity that was not altogether relished by Lord Creighton. Miss Edith herself showed it to Rolfe.

it to Rolfe.

"Have you seen the copy of the verses in the Gazette, Mr. Rolfe, which are talked of so much?"

Rolfe extended his hand for the paper.

She withdrew it, smiling.
"Nay, I want to read it to you."

It was hard to criticise while the delicious nusic of her voice was thrilling him, but he tried to give some attention to the language.
"What do you think of it?"

"I think, madam, his muse makes a fa-

miliar approach."
"Ah, do you?" (eyeing him). But, then, it is addressed to some ideal being (quickly). Why do you hide the productions of your

muse. I know you write poetry?"
Rolfe (with some confusion—"Oh, my
poor effusions are not worth your examination, madam. I have writ but little, and that to fill up some idle hours." [He bows.]

A giance and a slight gesture hold him to
the place. She inclines her lovely head, and

says, softly:
"I want you, then, to give some of those hours to me. That is, when you have nothing better to think of. You must write me

Rolfe, dazed and ecstatic, bowed, stam-mered and consented. He thought after-ward that he must have appeared stupid and ill-bred not to have made a fitting acknowledgment of the compliment of so gra-

cious a proposal
On Christmas Eve, when Miss Edith, tired with her supervision of the prepara-tions for the festivities of the next day, retired to her room, her maid handed her the following:

Sylvia, would you know the passion You have kindled in my breast? Trifling is the inclination That by words can be expressed. In my silence see the lover— True love is by silence known. In my eyes you'll best discover

In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

It was a bad time for the poet's offering.
She was experiencing one of those ebbs of
geniality to which the possessors of high animal spirits are subject, and she was languid
and dispirited. Under most circumstances its
audacity would have ecommanded her admiration, even while she would have made
when wind to make the poet understand up her mind to make the poet understand his distance. In her present mood it angered

The next morning she ignored him and busied herself with her guests. He was perturbed and anxious. Walking around the porch—after the enormous Christmas day dinner was over, and the ladies had gone up stairs to rest and prepare themselves for the dance at night, while the gentlemen had gone off to have a cock fight—he surprised Lord Creighton with his arm about Miss Edith snatching a kiss from her cheek. He had but a momentary glance; but it seemed to his gloomy fancy to be as coarse and undignified an encounter as the bussing matches of Hodge and Betty in the servants' quarters, the game he was pursuing.

Lord Creighton disliked Rolfe, the more so
the lady brought the audacious assailant,
tipsy as he was, cringing to her feet,

Edita was afrighted and drew back; but the affair had passed beyond her control. A resolute application of the knife were best. "It means," said she, looking steadily at Rolfe, "that this gentleman writes me love verses and would enroll himself among the suitors for my hand."

"Then, sir, you shall get out of my house at once!" roared the lord of the manor.

Rolfe bowed and walked up-stairs to his room, and becan to pack his effects. Edita was affrighted and drew back; but |



was spread about, and the people in the house were eager for the particulars. The accepted version was that Rolfe had attempted to hug and kiss Miss Craydocke by force. "He was always on too familiar a footing

here," said a tobacco factor's daughter, and who, as one of the richly rich, was anx ious that the visible distinctions of gentility should be plainly marked.

Edith had retired to her room. The girls

rushed after her and found her in tears.
There was a chorus of "Oh, what's the mat-

"Oh, it's too dreadful to talk about, girls; I can't tell you now," said Edith, fencing for time to think out what to say and do.

A chorus of "Oh, poor dear!" and they hugged and kissed her, and could have scratched Rolfe's eyes out, while she would have liked to put her arms around his neck. Bob and Dick, her brothers, came rushing up-stairs, red-faced and violent, making for up-stars, red-raced and violent, making for Rolfe's door. She rushed out on the land-ing, and stood before them as tense in every muscle as she had been limp before. "Go down stairs!" she said, with an imperious gesture, and they went.

Meanwhile Rolfe was bursting with rage

Meanwhile Rolle was bursting with rage and mortification. He understood it all now! Had ever man been such a dupe before? His observation of her intimacy with Lord Creighton had decided her to get rid of him. He laughed bitterly, and busied himself with the packing of his portmanteau, which he sent ahead of him to the town. Then he sought Mr. Craydocke to turn over to him his account books. Craydocke's voice, still pitched in an angry key, was heard in the parlor. Rolfe, like all persons given to habits of introspection, was apt to be awk-ward and self-conscious when he felt that his movements were being observed; but his novements were being observed; but his spirits rose in the presence of an emergency. In his present mood he was indifferent to everything, and the only boon he would have craved of fortune was the pleasure of knocking Lord Creighton down. This was a pleasure he determined to have, but he pro-posed that Lord Creighton should be the ag-

gressor.

He walked into the parlor, smiling and bowing politely, and approached Mr. Cray-docke, regardless of the stares to which he was subjected by the ladies and gentlemen in was subjected by the ladies and gentlemen in the room. His effrontery astounded Mr. Craydocke, who was not ready of speech, and he listened silently, while in an easy and unembarrassed tone Rolfe gave him some information in regard to the state of his accounts, and called his attention to business matters that needed to be looked to. Rolfe made a formal leave-taking, and as he walked through the room to the doorway. walked through the room to the doorway, he coolly surveyed the company, devoting to my Lord Creighton, in particular, a glance of cool disdain. That gentlemen was furious to see Rolfe carrying off the honors of the en-counter; but he could hardly collect his faculties so as to resolve what he might do and retain his dignity. Controlling his temper with a violent effort, he assumed his drawl, and advanced toward Rolfe.

"Ah, fellow! I don't know whether, as a magistrate of this province, I do right in permitting you to depart without punishing you for assault upon your master's daughter. You ought by rights to be sent to the whipping post; but in deference to your kind master, I have concluded to let you go scot free. The that concluded to let you go soot lee. The base nature of you redemptioners stands con-stantly in need of the lash. Keep from thier-ing and violence hereafter, and try to less an honest life, or else you'll come to the gibbet." Rolfe (coldly)-"I do not know what may be the style of manners in the place where your lordship received your breeding, but in this part of the world for a gentleman to offer an insult when the presence of ladies protects him from the consequences is presumptive evidence of cowardice."

Creighton (his dignity collapsing)—"You

Creighton (his dignity collapsing)—"You vile, nameless redemptioner! How dare you address me thus!"

Rolfe, with cold disdain, replied: "I see, my lord, you are determined to take the fullest advantage of your immunity."

Creighton could no longer restrain himself, and made a motion as if to throw himself upon Rolfe, a movement which the Latter contemplated with the liveliest satisfaction. The thought of the disgrace of an undignified scuffle with an inferior, in which he might be worsted, flashed across Lord Creighton's mind in time to restrain him; but, catching up a glass of wine, he threw it Creighton's mind in time to restrain him; but, catching up a glass of wine, he threw it and its contents in Rolfe's face. Calmity wiping the drops from his face and clothing, Rolfe, in a voice and manner made as contemptuous as possible, remarked in the same cold and deliberate utterance that he had all along maintained:

"As you are a fnagistrate, my lord, you ought to know the proper punishment to make out to a ruffian; but it is, of course, hardly to be expected that you will administer it upon yourself."

mete out to a ruffian; but it is, of course, hardly to be expected that you will administer it upon yourself."

Leaving Creighton gasping and paralyzed by this shaft, Rolfe walked deliberately out the doorway into the hall. Miss Craydocke stood on the stairway pale and agitated. She looked at him with an appealing glance. He bowed with ceremonious politeness, walked out of the house and, mounting his horse,

AN UNPARALLELED CASE. Denviction of a Miles Man for Maritiris

A remarkable trial closed here to-day in the conviction of Charles K. Gaines, a blind man, for murder in the second deblind man, for murder in the second degree, probably the only case of the kind
on record. Charles K Gaines was born
in Sycamore, Wyandotte county, fifty
years ago. At the age of four years
he one day wandered from the door to
the barn, where his attention was attracted by a litter of pigs. These struck
his fancy, and he appropriated one, and
this so enraged the sow that she rushed
at him and mangled him terribly,
his eyes being destroyed. The child
was rescued and recovered, though his
eyeballs were entirely gone. In a few
years he had developed a remarkable
sensitiveness of touch, smell and hearing. He had a strong tendency to precoclousness, and before he had grown up
became the terror of the neighborhood.
He would wander about, night and day,
without a guide, and was never known
to get lost. He knew where every malor became the terror of the neighborhood. He would wander about, night and day, without a guide, and was never known to get lost. He knew where every melon patch was, where the best peaches and plums grew, and where the best berries ripened, and was never backward about helping himself to any of these or other delicacies. While yet a boy he was presented with a pair of game chickens by an old minister named Spofford, who resided at Sycamore. The blind boy took great interest in these chickens and raised more. It was not long until he had several game cocks trained for fighting, and would take them about the country to pit against others. He would bet on his favorite and nobody could fool him about the result. Standing among the crowd he always knew whether his chickens were getting the worst or the best of the fight. As he grew to manhood he learned to drink whiskey, and became ugly and quarrelsome.

quarrelsome.

In 1871 he married Medora Sprague, a graduate of Tiffin High School. For a time he was sober and industrious. He joined the church and made temperance speeches, greatly moving his audiences.

Many are the strange things he has done. He has been seen on a steep roof nailing on shingles, and working as well and as fast as the next man. He could find his way with perfect case

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD. The poet sang, "Hall, gentle spring!"
Thereat behold the fickle thing
Respond with zeal and fervor, too;
For frozen lumps began to fall—

OUR SWEET TEMPTATION.

Beelzebub in fair disguise
Some people call the ladies,
So 'twon't occasion much surprise,
That men are bound for Hades.

A grinning skull dug from its grave, Laughed at its tombstone as it read:

been extensively advertised in London, and that a jubilee coffin had previously made its appearance. Thus sequence is bad; it usually drink first and coffin afterward.

"Oulda's chief charm," says a society jour-nal, "is her hands and feet, which are phenomenally small and perfectly formed." Are we to infer from this that her literary work is a secondary consideration?

Emperor William is reported to have said:
"It is the one button left unbuttoned which is the ruin of an entire army." Button—Button! O, yes, on the breaches of discipline.

No European nation so far has agreed to take part in the Paris Exposition, except Switzerland, and that country will very likely "cheese" it.

Says exchange: "Every man should be his own prohibitionist." He don't have to; he usually marries one.

CRANK INVENTORS.

TWO CENTULES WHO ARE EXT.

TLED TO STAND AT THE HEAD.

Grand Pallanthropic Schools Oct. Pinchover's Mothed of Methods Days to This
Corners Michael Califfly Plan to Prevesting the Bearts on the World.

No institution in the world receives so
many queer letters and curious applications as the patent office at Washington. The annistic ideas of cranks
of the country fly to it like particles
to a magnet. The applications that have
been made for patents on perpetual
motion machines are simply innumers.

ble, and any occurrence producing a
strong impression upon the public mind
is sure to be followed by a perfect storm
of queer inventions. When President
Garfield was lying upon his sick bed in
the White House the cranks sent in all
kinds of models of inventions for reducing the temperature of the sick room.
Applications for models of destructive
torpedoes, flying machines, etc., are of
daily occurrence, but the palm for grotesque inventions is awarded by the
much-enduring officials to Mr. Michael
Cahill and Morris Pinchover, Esq.

Both of these gentlemen are well
known at Washington, and it must be
said of them that their inventions are
thoroughly philanthropic in their conception. Mr. Pinchover has noticed
with deep concern the difficulties which
he thinks beset dogs when they turn
corners, hence he has invented a device
for additivable devicability.

Not the Answer Re Wanied.

"Why is it," said a husband to his wife,
"that married women, as a rule, are such
considerable devicability.

"Because they find
unch attentive listeners in their husbands,"

Ret the Answer Re Wanied.

"Why is it," said a husband to his wife,
"that married women, as a rule, are such
considerable devicability.

"Because they find
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"Betanted and the Simplon, near Zermatt.

"Why is it," said a husband to his wife,
"that married women, as a rule, are such
considerable devicability.

"Because they find
unch attentive listeners in their husbands,"

he thinks beset dogs when they turn corners, hence he has invented a device for adjustable dog's tails. The colonel's title is of unknown derivation, but as title is of unknown derivation, but as titles are very cheap in this country, nobody begrudges him his colonelcy. He is short and wiry, his hair is worn long like the typical cowboy or an Indian herb doctor, and he generally wears a slouch hat a la militaire. He carries with him a cylindrical tin case, which contains maps and diagrams of his great invention. Here is the description given of it in his application for a patent which was accompanied by this diagram:



A-Dog. B-Adjustable tail.

A—Dog. B—Adjustable tail.

SPECIFICATION.

To all whom it may concern: Be it known that I, Maurice Pinchover, late colonel U. S. A., and an acclimated citizen of the U. S., residing at St. Elizabeth, in the county of Washington and State of Columbia, have invented certain new and—useful improvements in "Detachable dogtails." My invention has relation to improvements in artificial tails for dogs and other animals, and the novelty consists in providing a detachable tail for dogs and the like, whereby the gravity of the tail may be overcome, so as to facilitate the rapid and safe momentum of the animal in turning abrupt corners and other angles, such as somersaults, &c., without injury to the dog or his tail.

In the case of dogs and other animals born

or his tall.

In the case of dogs and other animals born or deprived of their tails, it is a well-known fact that when once started in a given direction, after a certain momentum is acquired, it is impossible for the dog to change his direction, and consequently, when he arrives at a corner which he desires to round, instead of turning it he flies off at a tangent and

goes by

By my device these objections are overcome, and when the gravity tail (a hollow conical tin tube) is adjusted to the dog, and he arrives at a corner which he desires to turn, say to the left, and the hind legs of the dog acting as a pivot, the head and body of the dog is thrown around to the right, and the dog is thrown around to the right, and he follows the fight, and the dog is thrown around to the right, and the fight, and the fight and the fight, and the fight and the fight

in presence of two witnesses.

Sergeant Mason,
Geo. Francis Train.

Parsy Bolivar,

in presence of two witnesses:

Sergeany Mason.

Gro. Francis Train.

MAURICE PINCHOVER.

PARSY BOLIVAR.

N. P. & N. G.

The names of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the justice is written evidently by some waggish friend of the colonel.

Mr. Cahill's invention is far more comprehensive. His idea is that the accumulation of ice at the poles of the earth will in course of time produce a disruption at the equator, and a general smash of all earthly affairs, compared to which a terrible earthquake would be a mere zephyr. Mr. Cahill, who is a tall, rawboned man with ecru hair and mustache, illustrates the catastrophe by taking his well-worn hat between his ample hands and compressing it like a concertina. Mr. Cahill states his theory as follows:

Too much rain has been allowed to accumulate around the poles of the earth, being conveyed there by the atmospheric and electric currents. There it forms into vast mountains of ice, which, exerting hydrostatic and hydraulic forces, is gradually grushing in the earth's crust. If this crushing in takes place, the globe may be exploded like a bombshell, some of its solid constituents being driven among the meteors, which are the debris of other planets (with all their inhabitants), destroyed in similar manner, like causes producing like effects. The accumulation of ice around the poles, and its annual meeting to some extent and repiling, causes the gyratory motion of the earth, which has produced the recession of the equinox and lengthened the year.

The inventor's scheme to avoid this dread catastrophe is to devise means for obtaining an artificial rainfall upon that area of the earth's surface which is located between the two pole belts of the globe, thereby preventing the great rains at the poles, which are, as the theorist claims, mainly instrumental in secumulating the enormous mountains of ice in those frigid regions.

Mr. Cahill has had some difficulty in getting a patent lawyer to frame his specifications, but by the operation of

grams.
One device is as follows: He directs that large captive balloons, armed with steel points and big reflectors of light

matt.

Not the Answer He Wanted.

"Why is it," said a husband to his wife,
"that married women, as a rule, are such
terrible gossipers?" "Because they find
such attentive listeners in their husbands,"
replied the lady easily.

SHORT ITEMS OF FACTS.

Briefly, a reputation which endures and increases with the progress of time, and which, after the lapse of many years, is more widely and firmly established than ever before, can only be founded upon superior merit. This is concisely the history of

He-No Tea.

The first Tea sold in England was imported by the Dutch East India Company in 1886, and was shipped from Batavia. the capital of India. The first China Green Tea from Chi arrived in England in 1707.

Use He-No Tea because it is pure. If you question its purity, ask your doctor

If you like a fine flavor in Tea, then try He-No Tea, for its flavor being its natura one, it is the best.

Every cent of the cost of He-No Ten is

to be found in the drinking qualities. Nothing is paid for appearance; it is a very homely Tea.
The metal-lined packages in which you

buy He-No Ten preserve its strength and Parmers, buy your Tea like you buy your

horse-because he is a good worker. He-No Tea will do twenty-four hours' work a day, and never tire. When you make up your mind to try

He-No, rea, ask your storekeeper for it; he can get it for rou if he is a live merchant.

Pure Tea like He-No rea is a great temperance preacher; it will do more good than talking.

Pure Tea is the poor man's friend; it is

economy to use it three times a day; it makes food go farther. One trial will establish the reputation of

He-No Tea, and you will thank this adver-

dion. The same effect is produced should the log wish to change his direction at any point.

In testimony whereof I affix my signature in presence of two witnesses:

Sergerant Mason,

Parsy Bollvar,

N. P. & N. G.

The names of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover, and the name of the witnesses are both in the handwriting of Pinchover.

He-No Ton of '87 is better than it ever was; the stendily-increasing demand for it is proof of this.

Hot Ho-No Ten is the best pro

Hot Ho-No Tee is the best preventive of colds, and man can do more work and feel better with Tea than he can without.

"Ho-No Tea came upon us like the telephone, and is now a necessity," writes a lady, and we get many such letters.

It is wicked to quote the Kerna ? Whether it is work were will feel this.

it is or not, you, will find this: "The sti

it is or not, you, will find this: "The sting of the serpent is in the julee of the wine; the blessing of the prophet is in the herbe of the earth." Of course Mehammed's reference was directed to He-No Tos.

The maxim that nobody is hurt by being abused is verified in "He-No Tos. It has been more laughed at and abused than any article of diet, and all because it was an attempt (a successful one as it turns out) to show how simple a thing Tos really was, and what an absurdity it was to buy Tos because it was nice to look at. People in the cities where He-No Tos has been introduced know by experience the great merits the cities where He-No Tee has been intro-duced know by experience the great merit. It possesses, and we would like all at least to try it. They can speak for themselves. A quarter-pound package is very trifling in cost and will have every purpose for this-by the truth of what we my.

HOW TO GET RE-NO THA. If you are a DEALER, write to Martin Gills On., Baltimore, Md., and they will send you trad rices and terms.

ly you are a CONSUMER, and your demand on the state of the condition of th

I'm going out a little while, And you must promise, Do To sit as quiet as a mouse, And not go romping o'er the With pushy out and Polly.

For pussy's paws are very sharp, And they are sure to scratch you; Or if you get in Polly's reach She'll give an awful! awful! screech And with her beak she'll catch you

And don't go mossing up your things, Or get your dress in oreases; Don't put your hands up to your hat, Your bangs are loose—remember that— And they may come to pieces.

Don't pull the buttons off your shoes, Or laugh when Polly chatters; You mustr't mind her talk a bit, But only shut your eyes and sit And think of other matters.

And promise, Dollie, not to pout,
It makes you look so simple;
For every time you frown, you know,
It makes the nasty wrinkles grow,
And spoils your pretty dimple.

You'd better go to sleep, for then
I'll have no cause to scold you;
By-by, my dear—now try and see
How good you really can be—
Remember what I told you.
CHAD. McCov.

She Wouldn't Die for Him. She was cozily intrenched upon his shoulder, and they were very, very happy. "George," she whispered, and he bent his head to listen, "do you know what I would do if your love for me should cool?" "Would you die, dear?" he asked passionately. "No, George; I would bring suit for breach of promise."

The Inter-State Law

Was not necessitated in order to

FAIR AND EQUITABLE Treatment on the part

*BALTIMORE AND OHIO

TOWARD THE PUBLIC.

If other lines required the creation

In order to keep them straight and compel them to observe that

and the great power of Congress in-voked to bring them to a proper sense of the situation. The

BALTIMORE AND OHIO

With its half-century's record of ABSOLUTE IMPARTIALITY, its unparalleled achievements in ADVANCING THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN RAILROADS and its UNQUESTIONED ATTITUDE as regards the demands of the traveling public has beyond dispute long stood at the very head in popular

estimation.
It is not altogether improbable that, in view of the financial success achieved under the steadily-maintained

LIBERAL POLICY OF THE B. & O.

Our National Legislatore, in enacting the Inter-State Commerce Law, were aliming to impress this object lesson upon the attention of other railway managers and teach them that the way to prosperity and public favor was through the hope of reaching the standard of the sterling old company, which has so long led the way and merits the proud distinction of being designated as THE MODEL LINE.

THE B. ME O

Is still, however, the only line running Limited Express trains, without extra charge, from the Great Rivers and Lakes of the West over the Alleghanies to the Sea. In fact, it is THE ONLY To you are a CONSUMER, and your autor or great does not keep it, then send to Martin Gilled a Co., Relitance, Mil., in postage sample or other wise, 12 counts for 1-2, package, it make for 1-2, package, it make for 1-2, package, it make the country running limited fast trains anywhere upon which the rule is strictly adhered to of not make the pushing ordered, with full instructions.

**EARTH GILLET'S CO...

**Machines Mil.

**Baltimer, Mil.

SEC SECONES

WHITEWASHING

WELL

**WIND

Plantic Paint

**WASHING

**WIND

Plantic Paint

**Plantic Paint*

PICTURESQUE B. & O.

lord. Like most all old Maryland houses, Sinmenut Manor-house was surrounded by a
long porch, and had a broad passage
opening through the house. A pack of
the fox-hounds which were an indispensable adjunct to every planter's establishment were constantly hanging about
the yard, and Master Dick Craydocke had
whistled them to the front porch to show the whistled them to the front porch to show the good points of his favorite dogs—Sweet Lips and Bell Tongue—to my Lord Creighton. Master Dick was playing with his dogs, when —just as my lord had stepped forward in the passage to compliment Miss Edith as she came down stairs in the scarlet cloth riding lacket that was as becoming to her—the cook came down stairs in the scariet cloth riding jacket that was so becoming to her—the cook appeared in the rear of the house with the sebris of the dinner, and the whole pack made a joyous rush straight through the house. They caught my lord in the middle of his obelsance and his compliment; his slik stockings went up in the air, the back of his bine velvet coat pressed the boards, and his wig came off. Miss Edith was compassionate and sympathetic. Dick Craydocke reared. Looking hotly around him, my hird caught an amused expression in the hius eyes of Mr. Secretary. Miss Edith had discreelly withdrawn, so that her scrutiny might not impede his rearrangement of his cotume. Lord Craighton strode wrathfully up to Bolfe.

doffe.

rah, my mishap seems to amuse you!"
gret very much that such an accident
have befallen you, my lord!"
sp your grimsom then, fellow, for
the housemald. Ogle her, but don't
me."

And with that my lord stamped up the till way to his chamber.

"Phew! but he's mad," said Dick Craylets. "Don't mind him, Rolfe."

The Rolfs did mind him, though, and his coulds distilled venom.

When Mine Edith made her great triumph Covernor Sharpe's ball in the winter of the town, it was wall known the cast of venes "To Clotinda," published the till of the town, it was wall known the cast of venes "To Clotinda," published the till of the town, it was wall known the cast of venes "To Clotinda," published the till of the town, it was wall known the cast of venes "To Clotinda," published the till of the town the cast of venes "To Clotinda," published the till of the town the cast of the town the town the cast of the town the town the town the town the town the cast of the town the tow

gasping out abject apologies. He could not know that in indulging that reckless im-pulse Lord Creighton had wrecked the edifice of esteem thathe had so labo-riously built up in Edith's mind. Rolfe riously built up in Edith's mind. Rolfe could not know these things, and he sickened with horror and disgust. Something of this must have displayed itself in his expression, for when Miss Edith swept loftily into the house, she turned upon him with carnation cheeks and flashing eyes. He gravely awaited her pleasure, and for once language failed her. She could not admit that he had any right to an understanding of her conduct, and yet the idea of having made her conduct, and yet the idea of having made a false impression upon him galled her. She escaped from the embarrassment by a flank



"What do you mean by sending me such impudent verses?"

The anger she felt on the score she would not speak of passed into her voice, and her tone was cold and strident.

Her words were a stunning blow to Rolfe; the concussion struck out heat. Drawing himself up and aquarely confronting her, his blonde head thrown back and his blue eyes lit up like a lantern, he said:

"It means that I lay at your fast the love of an houset man, which is more than can be said for another of your suitors."

It was a rude speach. The lady was dumb with fury for a moment. She draw Rolfe's verses from her free and brandshed thom in her hands while waiting for words.

"Whet's thin?" said her father, who, record from his also distant don'thin he said.

roof nailing on shingles, and working as well and as fast as the next man. He could find his way with perfect ease anywhere; could recognize an acquaintance at some distance before he spoke, rode horseback recklessly and played the violin finely. His career as a temperance advocate was short, for he soon went back to drinking and abusing his wife and children. The climax was reached last August when he went on a protracted spree, and his wife ordered the saloon-keeper to not sell him any whiskey. The next day Gaines and his nephew, Nathan Echelbery, got drunk on hard cider, and then went to the saloon and demanded whiskey. Failing to get it, they left and tried to borrow a revolver, but could not get one.

They then returned to the saloon, each with a large stone, and, again being refused whiskey, they killed the saloon-keeper with the stones. The police arrested Gaines in the cane field, and he was brought in hatless, coatless, shoeless and eyeless. With long hair hanging over his shoulders, and six feet tall, he looked like a wild man. For eight months he has sat in jall, amusing himself with his violin. His nephew and accomplice was sent to the penitentiary for life, and his own conviction now follows.

WAYSIDE WISDOM.

"Hi there!" the poet loud did call,
You are too cursed literal;
I didn't mean that sort at all,
My hall was simply "How d'ye do?"

REASON FOR LAUGHTER.

What unsuspected good a knave
May have recorded when he's dead?

Said the sophyr whispering through the boughs of one tree to another: "Your buds are about to burst. Is it painful?" "O, no," returned the sapling, "I'd just as leaf."

A Whitehill street car was crowded a day or two ago, when a young man with a red face came pushing his way among the passengers. He stopped in front of a fat man, held on to a strap, and, isaning down, anid softly: "Lead me a nickel?" The fat man presented not to hear. "Bay, lend me a nickel?" repeated the young man. The fat man did not move. The young man shook him and said, loud enough for every passenger to hear: "Lead me a nickel! I say, lend me a nickel?" The fat man sighed, alowly drew out a wallet and fished out a five-cent plees. "That's all right," said the young man. "Pve got a quarter. I just wanted to see if I had a friend on this car," and he walked up to the driver, had his quarter changed and dropped his fare in the box.—Atlante Constitution. Too Hard a Test.

An Independent to Early Marriage.
Constance is very young, but the is also better worth quoting that most grown people. Her envy was assessment aroused by the fact that a walking was about to take place in the funity of her little playman, and that the playmans thereby had the advantage of her; so she remarked very complemently to her little friend's mamma:

"Mrs. —, did you know that I was entered to be married?" "Why, no, Conny; is that so "" "Yes, making, I'm size and to Friend."